

AN OPEN LETTER
TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA" AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897.

Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

Insist on Having

The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Greetings.....
.....to Everybody!

The Autumn Season is fully upon us, and with it we come before you with the Handsomest, Most Complete and Carefully Selected Stock that Money, Time, and Years of Experience can produce. We've No Bluster

To harass you with! We do no "blowing," but we say truthfully that we have a Light, Airy, Clean and Neat Store Room, where you are always made welcome, and where we stand ready to serve you with the

Choicest Goods of the Market
AND SEASON.

at Prices that Cannot be Surpassed ANYWHERE.

We Handle

Only the Best Grades of Goods. Buy only from the Best and Most Reliable Wholesalers for Cash, thus assuring you only the Best

Standard Goods

at the Very Lowest Prices. We do not carry a single Low-Grade Article. Call and see us. Our Goods and Prices will tell the tale.

We are just Opening up the Finest and Most Complete Line of

Fancy Glass and Queensware

ever displayed in Southeast Missouri. Come and see our Elegant Line. Don't fail to see

OUR 10-CENT COUNTER

of Glass and Queensware. Not a Poor Article in the Lot. We offer you a Market

FOR ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO SELL!

and insure you the Best of Goods at Prices CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.

Our Meat Market

is Complete, our Store is Light and Airy, Clean and Neat, and you are always Welcome. Come and see the Leaders!

GROSS & TOLLESON.

J. W. WHITWORTH,

DEALER IN

General
Merchandise

ARCADIA, MO.

If you want the Best Groceries at the Lowest Prices, call and see us. We are making prices that will interest you.

Good Flour, per cwt. \$2.40.
Good Meat per pound, 6c.
Fine Guatemala Coffee, per lb. 30c.

J. W. WHITWORTH.

ST. JAMES HOTEL,
ST. LOUIS.

RATES: \$2.00 PER DAY.

Room and Breakfast, \$1.00.

EUROPEAN PLAN, \$1.00 Per Day.

Good Rooms. Good Meals. Good Service.

When you visit St. Louis stop at

ST. JAMES HOTEL,

Broadway and Walnut. Street Cars Direct to Hotel.

TURKISH BATHS, Open all Night.

Sight-Seeing.

Ed. Register—One night Charley came home from work at the Jefferson Barracks and said, "I have just finished up my job at the Barracks, and in the morning I want to go down with the wagon and get my tools, and I want you to go with me and I will take you to see all that is to be seen." As we drove along Charley would call my attention to any and everything that was of interest, as we drove past a large building set up on a high ridge surrounded with a lovely grove and all sorts of outbuildings, he said, "That is the Deaf and Dumb Asylum." As he said so he stopped the horse and said, "Do you see any squirrels?" As I looked I saw scattered all through the grove quite a number of squirrels jumping and hopping around picking up things to eat. And all around the grove was a large herd of the finest cows that belonged to the institution. So we sat for quite a while and watched the cows and squirrels as they played among the trees.

As we drove along we passed several other dairy farms where large herds of cows were kept. When we came to the Odd Fellows' cemetery we drove all through the grounds, and a very handsome place it is. So sunny and yet so shady, with its beautiful groves of all sorts of trees, almost like a forest. Here we come to the government preserves. I have forgotten how many hundred acres of land are in this tract. It is fenced in with wire, except about a half mile of fence, and I don't believe any of the readers of the REGISTER can guess what that fence is made of, in a dozen guesses. But I will tell you. That fence is made of gun-barrels from the guns that were used in the war. The fence post at each end was a big cannon set in the ground, and all the fence posts between were iron, with iron rails, and every four inches a gun barrel was set on the butt of the barrel on the lower rail; and every gun barrel had the bayonet on. I have read where it said the time would come when the nations should beat their swords into plow-shares and their spears into pruning hooks, but I never saw where it said the nations should make their guns into fences and set their cannon at the street-corners.

As we rode along we saw, way down in deep ravines, long buildings set low down. When I asked what these buildings were for, he said, "powder houses." If one should by any means blow up it would not disturb or affect the others and would not endanger anybody's life or property. We saw patrols walking along on their beats, to keep all intruders off of the grounds. No persons are allowed to trespass upon the grounds except along the streets and walks. Anybody has the right to visit the grounds at all times if they obey the rules. We saw some handsome houses way out in the open fields, with great gardens, vineyards and orchards. When I asked, "Who live in those houses, and to whom do those gardens belong?" he said, "Old soldiers that have been in the army for a good many years and have been retired with a pension; they are allowed to use and cultivate the land and have all they can make off of it, but must keep the grounds in order, for their use." And some of these soldiers make a good deal of money besides their living. There is no nation in the world that is more generous and kind to their soldiers than the United States of America.

When we reached the Barracks I took my seat at the summer house on top of the bluff overlooking the river. Just a few rods from the liberty pole, or, rather, flagstaff—we at my old home country, when I was a boy, called the flagstaff the liberty pole—as I looked up at Old Glory flying, at the top of the pole—which is no pole at all, but is made of a number of long iron pipes bound together, then on top another of less number, and so on, until the last is one pipe alone. And I have seen a number of times of late that iron is being used for ship masts or yard-arms, instead of wood. I well remember every year men from sea-port towns would come out to our part of the country hunting tall pines for ship masts and yard-arms, and tough oaks for ship timbers and ship planks; but now iron is taking the place of all kinds of timber in the construction of ships. I saw quite a large number of new buildings were being put up, and quite a number had been pulled down to make room for larger numbers of soldiers to parade. All of these new buildings are put up by contract, and at every corner of the streets great big cannons are set in the ground slanting to ward off any passing wagon or artillery. When we had seen the men on dress parade we drove out west past where we saw a large yard with

high plank fence and a large number of men and horses inside. The men were drilling the horses. The officers all stood on the outside of the fence. We saw some men riding bareback as fast as the horse could run. The man would reach down and pick up something off of the ground, or jump off and run and catch something, then run and jump on his horse while the horse was in full run. I saw a man riding who all at once would make his horse stop and lie down and the rider would lie down on him, sit on him, crawl all over him, and go through all sorts of exercises, and that horse would lie as if dead; would not move an ear or bat an eye. I saw men run and jump over their horses' backs as they stood; then they would run and jump up behind their horses and turn around facing back. It was equal to any circus I ever saw. I was so interested I almost hated to leave.

When we left the Barracks we drove out towards the Meramec river past acres and acres of gardens, the roads running right through the gardens—the rows of corn, potatoes, sweet potatoes, cabbages, and all sorts of stuff, growing right up to the road—and it looked so singular to see no fences. Down with us we build fences to keep things out, and up there they only build to keep things in; nothing is permitted to run at large. I did not see an animal of any kind—no, not even a dog—running by himself, only with his master. As we passed some of these great fields of vegetables, we saw a great many men at work. We asked them, "How is gardening?" "The early stuff was good and we made a good thing of it, but our late crops are almost an entire failure." We saw acres and acres of potatoes that would not make anything; cabbages not worth pulling up. You see those gardens to make it pay must make the same ground produce two or three crops a year. They would soon play out if they only made one crop off of the same ground in one year. We saw a good many things that were new to me. I saw one man whose horses were standing almost in the road. He was digging sweet potatoes. His horses were hitched to a machine that cut the tops of the sweet potatoes off right at the potato, and two disks cut on each side of the row which cut the vines at the foot of the hill and lifted the potatoes out of the ground, with not a bruise or scratch on the potato. We passed acres of horse radish, celery, and down in the low ground where they had deep wells with windmill pumps to irrigate the land, we saw large patches of green things, such as lettuce, leeks, radishes, onions for bunching, for salads, and all such stuff that we on the farm don't bother ourselves about.

As it was so pleasant and we had nothing else to do we drove way out past and through six of the cities of the dead, and we saw that time had more sad havoc among the inhabitants of earlier days—that the city was thickly filled with the marks of the past.

T. P. R.

From The West.

NEW CASTLE, WYO., Dec. 8, 1897.

Ed. Register—The dear old REGISTER arrives in due time each week, and is always a welcome guest in my home. So here comes (Moore) of the wild and Woolly west, with icicles hanging from his fingers and nose, and a cold north-westerly following close at his heels. Now, dear reader, do not shut your doors with a shiver, for I want to have a quiet little chat with you and will not detain you very long.

We have been having some cold weather for the past few days, the thermometer falling as low as 22 degrees below zero. Notwithstanding this, however, I can travel about and do not mind it in the least. By actual count, we have had 21 snows up to the present time. But still the roads are dry and dusty, and the streams as low as in the summer season. The snow disappears in a magical fashion, and leaves no mud or water behind.

Sauntering through the town the other day, I noticed, a little ways out of the main part of the village, five or six Indian tepees, or small tents. Full of curiosity to see some of their peculiar ways of domestic life, I strolled out to their tents. I found them to be a portion of a tribe of the Sioux from the reservation in South Dakota, who were on their way to visit another tribe in the Big Horn reservation, whose Chief's name is Black Thunder. They had made this a temporary camping ground, so they could take in the sights of modern times.

They were selling their beaded moccasins, beaded money purses, and other pretty trinkets. They were very cheap—a pair of these moccasins being only fifty cents.

As the Indian was many years ago, so he is to-day. The same lazy, improvident gambler, and a great lover of whiskey, tobacco and fiery. When one meets you he is always first to extend a hand of greeting, and then he will ask you for tobacco. If you give it to him he will never forget the favor, but should you refuse, or insult him, he is your enemy forever. One of them went into a store here and asked the clerk to give him something to eat. The clerk handed him a small ginger cake. The Indian turned to him with a look of scorn and mischief upon his dusky brow, and says, "Pooh! I tell you this makes great biggie man." Meaning if he ate that cake he would be filled up to an enormous size, and making light of the stinginess of the clerk. When they start out of the reservation on a visit anywhere, they have to obtain a pass from their chief, and to every person they meet they present their pass; and if he is peaceable well-behaved Indian they write on it "Good Indian." If, on the other hand, he is quarrelsome and ill-behaved they write "Bad Indian." On his return to the reservation the Chief examines his paper, and if he has been a bad Indian he is never allowed to go out of the reservation again; but if he has behaved well, he can go any place, at any time he wishes. When traveling, the men folks ride lazily along, smoking their pipes, with apparently no thought or care of their wives and children. But the poor squaws coming along behind carry all the things necessary for their use upon their backs. And if there are any babies, they put them in a sack and tote 'em along. When one of their number gets so old he cannot travel, they build a high pen, put him in it and let him starve to death. They have no use for the aged and crippled. Their way of punishing their children is funny, though rather severe. They put them in the tent, fasten up the holes securely and build a fire, and smoke them till they promise to be good. When one is tried for a crime and sentenced to be hanged, they never imprison him, but just let him go about as he had done before. When the day of execution rolls around, the poor fellow is on hand ready for the work to be done. They are never afraid of punishment when they know they deserve it.

It is a seldom thing that one of them ever proves false to the other in case of love and marriage. They believe their life partners to be the greatest and noblest of all, and if one ever falls short of his or her duty in this respect, they are burned at the stake without mercy. As I have stated before, the country is rather thinly inhabited in this part of the State, and new inventions likewise scarce, and not so well understood as might be expected. Happening to be in one of the large lively stables the other day I noticed an old fellow of about sixty years of age, who had come into town and had taken a little too much of Paddy's eye water, which had unsettled his nerves to a considerable extent. He approached the new-fangled water faucet and concluded to water his horses. So he set his wits to work to turn the water on, which he finally accomplished after several minutes of both mental and physical exertion. How nicely the water flowed into the trough, and the old fellow smiled and congratulated himself upon his ready wit in understanding new things. But by and by the horses finished drinking, and he set about to turn off the water. But work as hard as he might he had not mastered the art sufficiently, and the water flowed on as usual. In a few minutes the trough was running over and water flowing on the floor. At this juncture Mr. Hayseed became desperate, and hastily slapped his hand over the spout. O my! how the water did fly in every direction, and Mr. Hayseed and horses were drenched from head to foot. But he didn't keep his hand there long, but went to work with more vigor than ever to turn off the obstinate "cuss," as he called it, making one more final effort, and the stream ceased flowing. As he stood gasping for breath, with eyes dilated and the perspiration standing out over his forehead, gazing at the wonderful "water machine," a great big oath fell from his lips and he sadly and slowly remarked, as he scratched his wise old head and looked down upon his great runner boots, "I des be dabburned, if I wouldn't have yer to pay fur, I'd kick yer to whar yer blamed old water wouldn't be so cold. I'll bet ye on that." And I thought, too, it would be a pretty cool bath, for the mercury was standing several degrees below zero.

I think some parts of the West have great appetizing facilities, or at least the readers might infer such to be the case from an example I am going to give. I trust they will not discredit my story, for I have been a witness to the facts of which I speak. We have a man living near here, whom I will call a real old-fashioned glutton. When he sits down to the table he will not go away until every particle of the victuals have faded from his view. He can sit down to any meal in the day and devour a whole ham, four loaves of bread, two or three large dishes of vegetables, pie, cake, and other sweets in proportion, and drink a gallon of coffee. After he cleans this up you ask him if he wishes anything more, and he will say, "I could eat more if I had it." He will arise from the table with the remark, "O how badly I feel!" And I was not surprised, for he had such a load to carry. As I crossed over the plains this afternoon I saw nine beautiful deer feeding as unconcerned as if the world was wholly theirs, but pretty soon they scented me and were off like a shot. The deer are not very wild here as there are thousands of acres wherein they roam, the silence of which is scarcely ever broken, unless by a howling coyote or the moaning of a lost cow. The snow having melted to-day I could not follow their tracks; therefore I did not get any shots at them. Well, as I might be tiring my readers, and maybe imposing on the good nature of the Editor, I will say no more to-night. W. L. MOORE.

Murrayville, Ills.

We are still here waiting for the much promised prosperity, but patience seems to have ceased to be a virtue. The McKinley gold standard on hogs is hardly three cents, while corn bobbles at 18c if you will allow 75 lbs. to the bushel, in the ear.

Prosperity, however, has struck one man, the coroner. He has had 24 or 25 cases in the past year, accidents, murders, and suicides. Of suicides alone he has had nine, and five more were attempted. You no doubt wonder why so many would rather die than live in such a rich country as this. There is nothing surprising about it, however. You must purchase your right to live here, and as the land is naturally good speculators have got the price up so high that it is easier to die than to make it. Here, by law, the rights which a set of tricky politicians invest a man with contravene the rights God invested man with, and the Almighty Dollar is the only god we worship in sincerity and truth; hence a leap in the dark seems better than to exist in mental and physical torture.

Your writer was kindly given the use of the pulpit at the Baptist church last Sunday evening to pay a public tribute to his dead friend Henry George. I wish more would read his works. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary Mr. George had no theories. He held that human life was a series of simple facts and to order our social life aright we must know what those facts are; and he spent his life in teaching them. What he thought of theories may be judged from the manner in which he demolished the current theory of wages, and also the Malthusian theory.

Our farmers, or a few of the fancy and sidewalk variety, held an institute in Jacksonville last week. It was for the most part a threshing of old straw. Why, in spite of improved methods and machinery, do wages tend to a minimum that will give a bare living? was a question not asked, though it is a pressing one in a county where over forty-eight per cent. of the farmers do not own the roofs they live under nor the land they till; while of the fifty-two per cent. a large majority are mortgaged. Free silver would not redeem this part of the Lord's immoral vineyard from the curse of landlordism.

In addition to a farmers' institute once a year we have a teachers' institute once a month, where another bundle of old straw is threshed, for they, too, ignore the actual conditions we are living under and are, as a body, so morally cowardly that they dare not enquire too deeply into the fact that crime increases in spite of schools and school teachers.

To-day I saw lowered into the grave the body of an old man who once told me that in the early settlement of this county he left his house with all his household goods inside and not a door locked; a barrel of whiskey and some meat in his smokehouse, and the latch string hanging out; put his family in a wagon and went to Tennessee visiting; returned at the end of three months and found all safe and sound. But he lived to see the country so much worse, in spite of schools and churches, that a man would endanger his life to habitually carry ten dollars in his pocket and let it be generally known.

Dec. 5, '97.

WM. CAMM.

Ladies' and children's hosiery, all colors and black, cheap, at the Racket Store.

The Magnitude of Our Civil War.

The "Confederate Veteran" of Nashville, Tenn., has published some very interesting statistics compiled from the war records. They sustain, of course, the general belief that the South was from start to finish greatly outnumbered. In total enlistments this disproportion was over four to one, and even these figures do not convey an idea of the immense superiority of the North in strength. Indeed, it is hard to understand, now, how the South, with its inadequate organization, industrial and military, and its 4,000,000 white population to the North's 24,000,000, hoped to win.

This, of course, is no disparagement to the Union soldiers. No part of this world has a monopoly of courage. And if the hot-blooded Confederates showed more dash, there were battles like Fredericksburg, where the Federal soldiers marched to certain death with a heroism that can not be surpassed. The truth is, both armies fought, marched, bled and suffered as no other armies ever did or probably ever will.

The mortality was simply horrifying. Instead of the usual losses of two or three per cent., the Federals lost nearly five and the Confederates nine. Judged by mortality, by ground covered, battles fought, or number of combatants, our Civil War stands in relation to the great wars of Europe as those wars to the petty conflicts of South America. The "late unpleasantness," as it is sometimes lightly called, was indeed the most stupendous contest in history.

Perhaps the most significant feature of the "Confederate" statistics, however, is the showing in regard to prisoners. Where the mortality of Confederates in Northern prisons was 12 per cent., the loss of Federals in Southern prisons was only 9 per cent. These figures, taken from Secretary Stanton's report at that time, are unimpeachable, and demonstrate conclusively that injustice of the charges made against the Confederates in regard to prisons.

As a matter of fact, neither side has reason to be proud of this part of its work. While neither was guilty of intentional brutality, the captured from both armies fared poorly. Yet, it should not be forgotten that the Northern prisoners estimated their own sufferings by comparison with their superior army fare, while the Southern soldiers, bare-foot, ragged and half starved, were really not better situated when in the field than the Federals in Southern prisons.

The bitterness of the war has long since passed away. We can now discuss such matters without feeling. And to us all comes home the pathos of that terrible struggle between men of the same blood and nationality. Perhaps it was necessary to settle the mooted constitutional question of secession. Possibly it ought to have come a half century earlier and been less gigantic. Yet the war is already history. We have paid a tremendous price, in blood and bitterness, for a united nation, but it was well worth the cost. Henceforth we have only to remember that the United States is one nation, and that its integrity is best conserved by recognizing the existence of but one people, with the same patriotism, and with equal readiness to sacrifice themselves for principle.—K. C. TIMES.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniments without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following, from L. G. Bagley, Hueneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by Arcadia Valley Drug Store.

When in the city drop in at the Union Market, Ironton, Mo., for first-class goods. Prices will please you. W. P. MCCARVEIL.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

STRAVED—From my farm, six miles southeast of Ironton, about the 1st of August, last, Five Head of Cattle—four Two-Year-Olds and one Yearling. Marked with crop off right ear and split in the left. Two steers are solid red; one brown spotted. The heifer is red with white under belly, and white spot in forehead. Dehorned. The yearling is pale red, not dehorned. Will pay for information leading to their recovery.

LUDWIG REICHERT.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.